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LA LOGE (BOX AT THE OPERA)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir



DEUX FEMMES SUR L'HERBE (TWO WOMEN RESTING ON THE GRASS)

By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

The Master Impressionists

[Chapter VIII]

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

THE Luxembourg Collection of Impressionists is most disappointing—how disappointing I never realized more keenly than when I entered a Loan Exhibition at Paris held in the beautiful gallery of the *Hotel de la Revue* in the *rue de Ville l'Évêque*, in July and August of 1912. At that time there were gathered the most typical works of each of the artists who formed the group of the Master Impressionists. Never was the word "retrospective" better employed, for it was

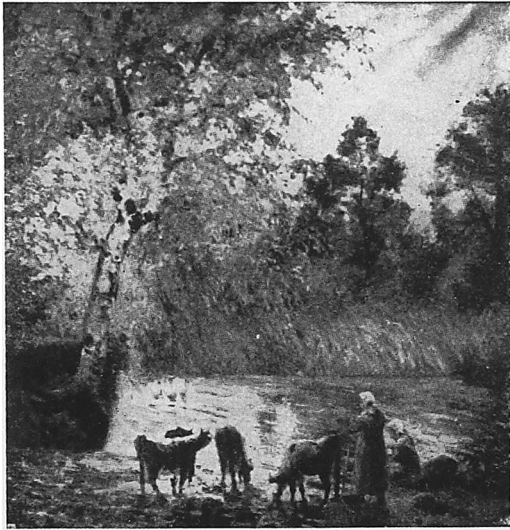
truly a look backward along the way. Never has there been a better opportunity to see what the analytical period of art of the Nineteenth Century has done for the world.

The exhibition was wonderfully complete. Owners of pictures from all over the world responded to the request for their pictures most generously and well they might, for never have they been seen to better advantage. It is astonishing how much difference the surroundings make, not that a rug or a chair more or less would



LE LINGE 1876 (THE WASH)
By Edouard Manet

—Collection M. Gallimard
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)



SUMMER, VIEW IN BRITTANY

By Camille Pissarro

(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

make a gem out of a mediocre picture, but it does give an altogether different air to them. It is easy to realize that if someone were to show us the most beautiful Velas-

LA FEMME A L'ÉVENTAIL By Edouard Manet
—Courtesy Musée des Arts Décoratifs

quez or the most noble Raphael, without frame, in the lost package room of a dry-goods store, or in a pawnshop, the effect would not be the same as if the picture were hung in the Tribuna at Florence or in one of the rooms of the Wallace Collection.

Outside of the beauty of the collection,



MISS BEDFORD

By Toulouse-Lautrec

it was most satisfactory because of the different examples chosen, with a rare discernment, from each period of each man's work. One could see more clearly than at any other time the role that each member of the group had played in the whole movement. There was Claude Monet, not as we



LE BAR AUX FOLIES-BERGÈRES (THE BAR AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRES)
By Édouard Manet

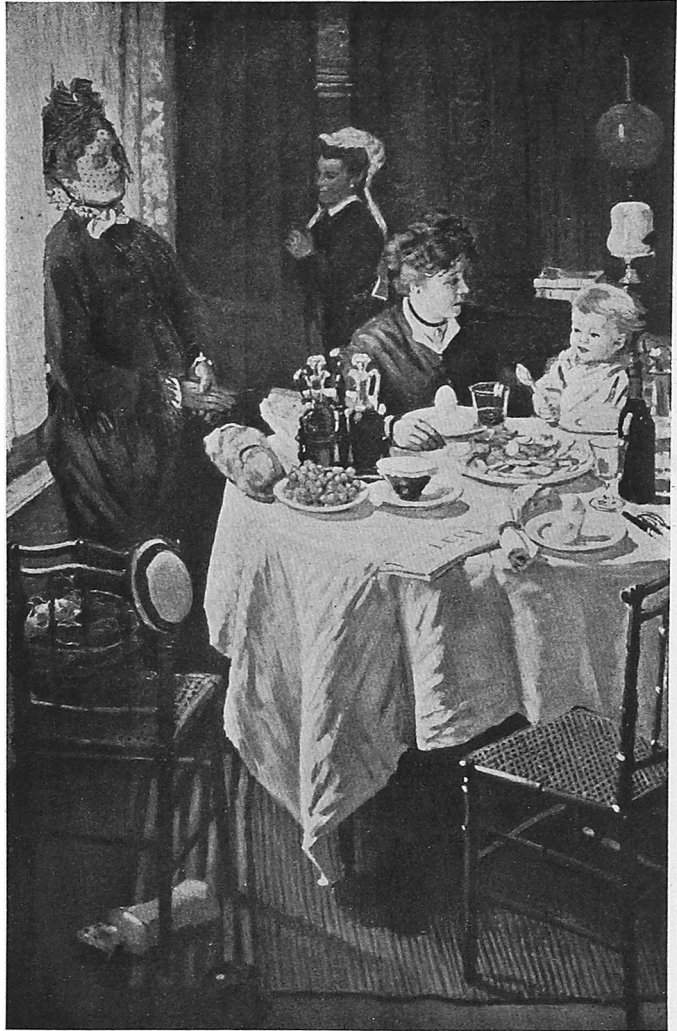
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

see him in isolated examples, but represented by canvases that showed him step by step as he passed from one influence to another. The difference between his first and last work was so great that one wondered how a man could so little resemble himself.

The organizers had the excellent idea of joining to this finished chapter of art the following one which has not yet reached its last word. Toulouse - Lautrec, Forain and Van Gogh were in the two last little rooms ready to move up into a longer but no wider room when Mary Cassatt should be advanced into the *Salle de Gloire*.

As one passed through the widely opened, enormous doors into the entrance hall, one's breath was taken away by a blaze of color. On the walls at either side were no less than twelve large pictures of flowers, great bunches of flowers, baskets of flowers, gardens of flowers, and just flowers, painted on the canvases without stem or leaf. There were peonies, roses, nasturtiums, chrysanthemums, dahlias, not like any other flowers you ever saw; great, rich masses of color from which emanated a sense of the joy of life, a sense, too, of Nature's glorious prodigality. Renoir's flowers were different from Manet's, and Manet's were different from Claude Monet's, and Claude Monet's certainly differed from those of Cézanne, Berthe Morisot and Raffaëlli.

For the lover of flowers there was a feast in this ante-chamber. Renoir had thirteen examples in this one exhibition.



LE DEJEUNER, 1868 (LUNCHEON)

(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

By Claude Monet

—Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, Frankfort, Germany

His whole life might be traced, step by step, through these thirteen pictures. His flowers were by far the richest in color. Among them was one that looked familiar; it proved to be the same vase of flowers that he used in *La famille Charpentier* of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York. This vase by the way, with a water bottle, glass and plate, forms a delicious bit of still life in that picture.

Renoir painted flowers as regularly as the season for flowers came. Those painted

in his early years were more actual copies of nature with something lost of the soul of the flowers in the copying. The later ones painted during his best period are richer, although not so correct from a botanical point of view. It is their color that gives these their character of flowers far ahead of those having the exterior appearance of a botanical bouquet. His latest flowers partake of the same excess of softness which is found in

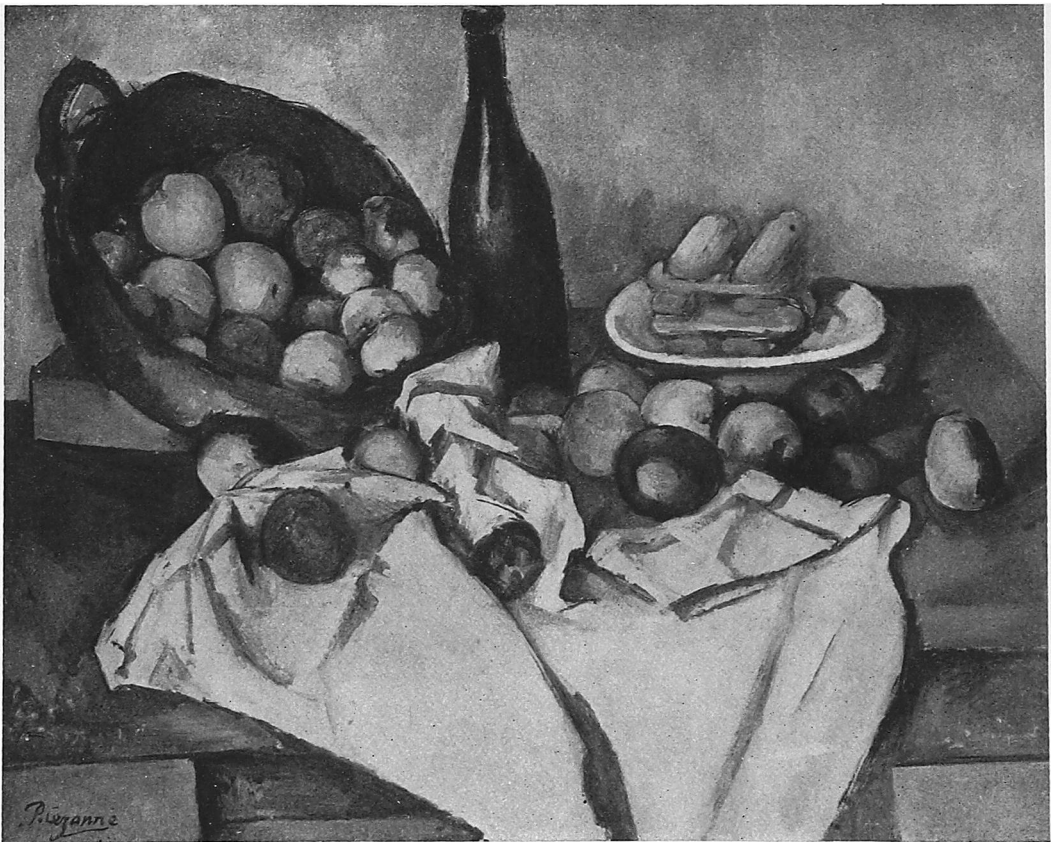


PORTRAIT OF GUSTAVE GEFFROY
By Paul Cézanne
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

his nudes of this period.

Manet's flowers are more energetic. They are more suggestive of the sensations flowers give than of the flowers themselves. Roses, tulips, lilacs, peonies, were his favorites. Claude Monet and Berthe Morisot were represented by chrysanthemums; Raffaëlli by grapes and flowers, and Cézanne by mixed bouquets.

But I could not stay all the morning getting myself soaked with the color



NATURE MORTE (STILL LIFE)
By Paul Cézanne

Collection Jos. Hessel

of these glorious flowers, and I passed up the few steps into the great room, the *Salon Carré* of the Exhibition. This room itself is a marvel among galleries. I gave one look around and then—"I must get photographs of these pictures and pass this pleasure along to the few who are good enough to read what I so stumbingly tell." I was so intense over getting the photographs that I almost forgot to look at the pictures, but came back to earth before closing hour. It was not that I particularly liked them, individually, but *en masse* the impression was one of exhilarating brilliancy, not as refreshing to the soul as stimulating to the eye. I felt myself to be in the midst of the very life of these men. Portrait busts, in bronze and marble, scattered about, of Claude Monet, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro and

Raffaëlli, added to this feeling. A quick thought of what it would have meant only a few years ago, if such an exhibition had been held, flashed through my brain and sobered me a little. My eyes were being attracted by first one picture and then another; many gave me a nod of recognition, and it was like seeing a friend, and remember, I do not like them, nor do they give me much personal pleasure (with exceptions, of course), but perhaps the first excitement is like when we stop to speak to an acquaintance with a flash of pleasure when we really do not particularly care for him and the flash dies down if the meeting lasts too long.

My roving eye caught sight of several Cézanne's that I had always wanted to see. To see these I needed to pass Manet, but



AUVERS; LE VILLAGE (AUVERS; THE VILLAGE)
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard

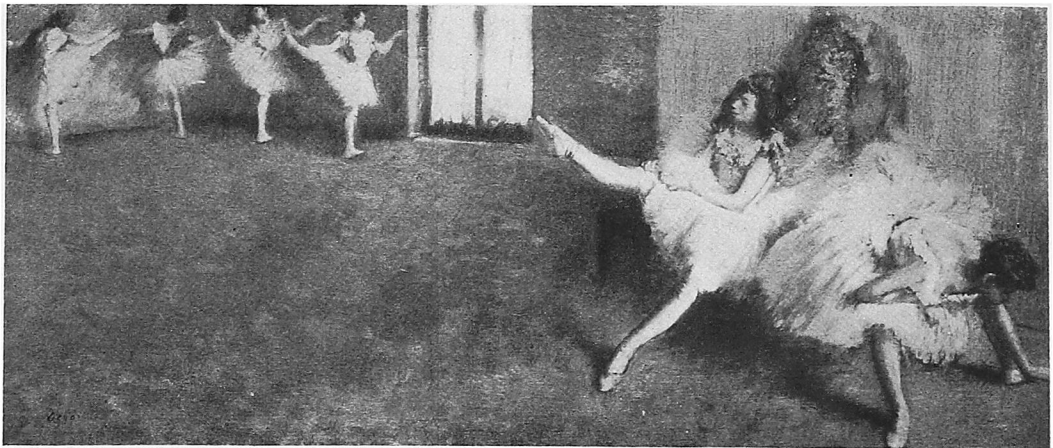


LE CAFÉ À REISCHOFFEN (THE CAFÉ AT REISCHOFFEN)
By Édouard Manet

there was lots of time. Here were some of his tipsy cups and saucers. I moved away from them, fearing a catastrophe.

Pictures were not meant to be smelled of anyway, according to the old joke. But as I moved out of the danger zone, other things caught my eye. How could anyone see anything but Manet's *Woman with a Fan* hanging between four of Cézanne's. Cézanne's must have indeed been strong to have attracted my eye from this life-sized woman stretched on a couch. I wonder if that is Victorine! I was told that there was a picture of Victorine of *Déjeuner* and *Olympia* fame among Manet's. Can it be this *Woman with the Fan*? No, surely not, unless she has grown older and wiser. Clothes do surely make a difference! At any rate, there are the fans in the background that Manet probably added just as he did the stool, the book, the glass and the lemon in Duret's portrait. I

wish those Cézanne apples would either fall off that table or settle themselves for good. I will have to pick up that knife in about



LE FOYER DE LA DANSE (THE GREEN-ROOM)
By Edgar Degas

(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

two minutes. What beautiful, beautiful colors!

I had better start at the beginning and do this thing right or I will skip something. Were I looking for my own pleasure alone, I would move about and get a little here and there, but I had better copy a professional critic who just came in and started at number one, notebook in hand, looked at each picture, sometimes with a glance only that meant he knew all that picture could say to him, or else that it would not be mentioned in his next newspaper article. Well, here goes!

I will start as he, the critic did, at the door, where there is a group of fourteen Renoir's. They date from very early ones to those of quite recent date. Through them all, particularly in the early ones, runs the joy as well as the torment of painting. This division between his pleasure and his inquietude is one of the secrets of where his charm lies. One could never say of his work as has been said of some of Claude Monet's. "A dozen pictures all equally perfect; no one shows the slightest hesitation, and no one suggests the unattainable, the beyond."

There were a number of typical Renoir women whom one always knows at sight. Renoir had a fashion all his own of interpreting portraits of women. It was with a real voluptuousness that he painted their eyes, mouths and breasts. All of Renoir's women have this character of eyes and mouth. They seem so personal to the painter that they are like a signature. It is almost as if he were in love with them personally and not quite calm enough to

make his brush perfectly exact. Seldom does he make one feel that his model is without coquetry, or he without a keen sense of possibilities. Some clever Frenchman has said that Renoir's women outside of France look as if they were homesick and communicate that feeling to any Frenchman looking at them.

The two sisters sitting in a box at the theatre is one of two pictures Renoir painted using the same title *La Loge*. How many *Loges* the Impressionists painted! There are Manet's of the Luxembourg, Mary Cassatt's of the Boston Museum, and Renoir's two we have illustrated, all as different as the artists themselves. This one of Renoir's is less known than his other, perhaps more solid and positive, but *La Loge* of 1874 takes, with his *Danseuse* of



FEMME À SA TOILETTE (WOMAN MAKING HER TOILET)
By Berthe Morisot



DANSEUSE REVENANT POUR SALUER (DANCER
RETURNING TO MAKE HER BOW TO HER AUDIENCE)
By Edgar Degas (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

the same year and the two Luxembourg pictures, highest rank among his pictures.

To show Renoir's versatility as well as his development, they had a landscape, a garden with a greenhouse, as intimate and gracious a thing as one could cite, and a

Venetian scene painted when he made the fateful journey to Venice, when a great painter was spoiled according to Moore, or when he went back to Venice, not to find what he had lost, but to paint Wagner, who laughingly said Renoir made him look like a "Protestant clergyman." *Sur la terrasse* is an adorable young woman wearing a red hat. There is in this the same agitation of light that one finds in all of Renoir's pictures.

Manet's large and captivating woman with the fan we have already glanced at. Yes, I think it is Victorine—not that it makes any real difference who she is, but it satisfies a gossiping instinct to know something of the person represented. We saw her first simply because she was in the line of vision: the real *clou* of Manet's offerings is further along the long wall, where there are ten canvases that would be difficult to gather together again. Among them there is nothing like *Le déjeuner* and the *Olympia*; not one that would make us remember that Manet was most unconventional in his choice of subject, but on the contrary five examples of Manet's power of making people look really alive, labeled portraits. Three others

that are portraits but not called so, also one of the dog *Donki*. The portraits are of Manet's wife, a well-born Dutch lady, who has nothing of the Parisian about her, as her next-door neighbor *Madame Guillemet* has. As she masquerades un-

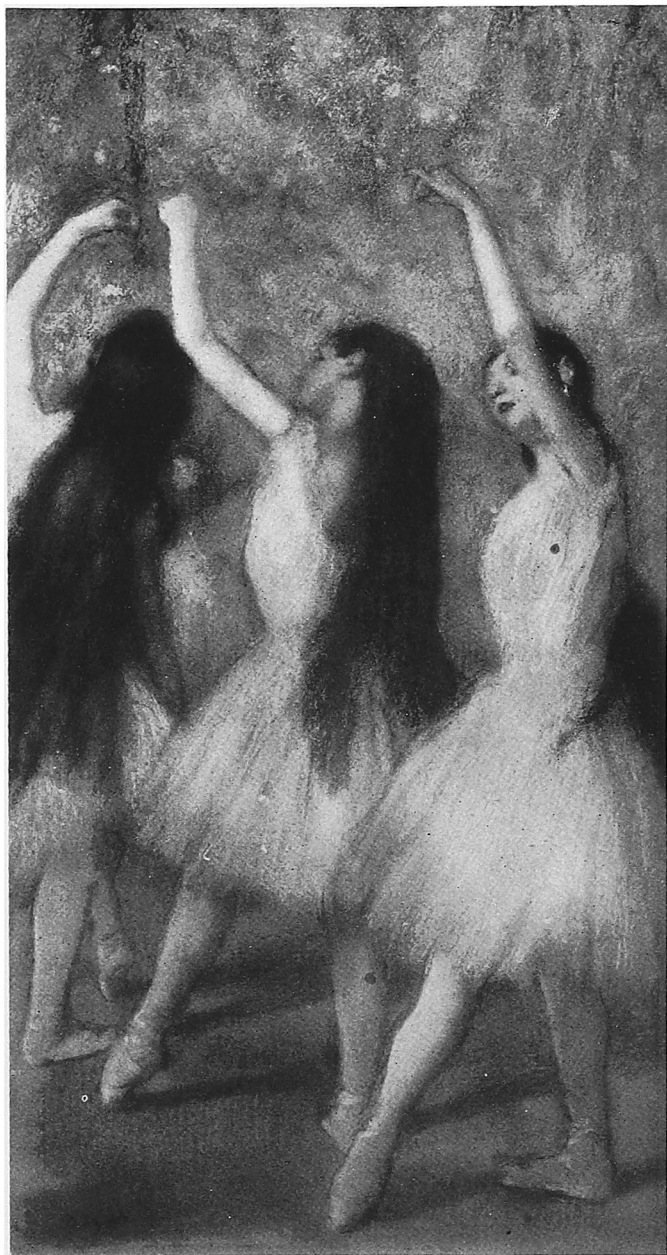
der the title of *La Parisienne*, she feels herself very chic, I am sure, in her make-believe man attire. Tailor-made dresses, I am told, were not as common in those days as now, but Mme. Guillemet sports one of green, with big lapels. Her heart failed her at the last minute, or Manet's did, and he softened its severity by throwing some fur around her shoulder.

One of the other portraits is of Albert Wolff, who, as he sits leaning back rolling his cane on the arms of his chair, looks far too pleased with being painted by Manet to have included him among the Impressionists, when he wrote of them as "Impressionist-lunatics, who take paint-brush and canvases, throw a few colors on the canvas at random and then sign the lot. In the same way the inmates of a mad-house pick up the stones on the road and believe they have found diamonds."

Wolff's portrait and the world-renowned criticism were of the same year, 1876. With all the good qualities that this portrait has, there are still several degrees between it and that of *Pope Innocent* by Velasquez. Thoughts like this will creep in.

A portrait of Delaroche-noire, an animal painter, has peculiar colored foliage as a background. It is the color of wine lees.

Manet's *Le Cabaret de Reichschoffen* has at least two other names; *La servante de bocks* and *Verseuse de bocks*. There is



TROIS DANSEUSES (THREE DANCERS)

By Edgar Degas

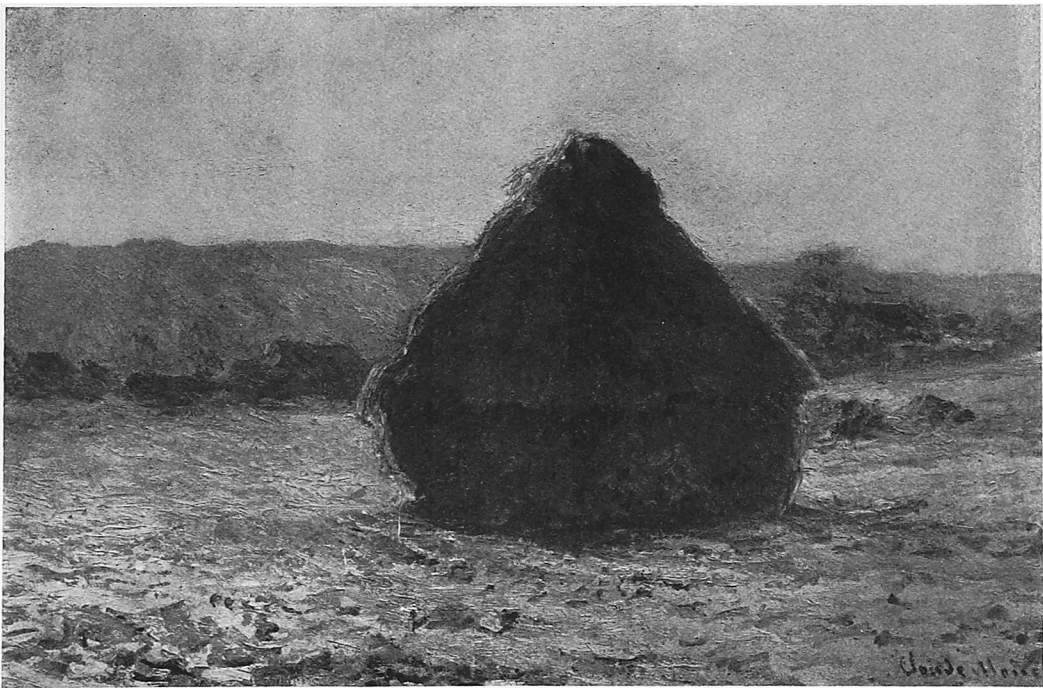
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

another quite similar picture. The waitress is serving bock in both of them to the man in blouse and cap, who is smoking a pipe and intently watching a female singer on the stage. The tapestry back of the waitress, the high hat in the audience and



JEUNE FEMME ASSISE (YOUNG GIRL SEATED)
By Berthe Morisot

(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)



LA MEULE, EFFET DE SOLEIL, 1891 (THE HAY STACK, EFFECT OF SUN, 1891)

By Claude Monet

only half a singer showing are the points in this picture that differ from the other. This is a portrait of a real waitress placing bock before a real customer. Manet paid both the waitress and her chaperon-lover to sit in his studio for him.

Le linge has a most interesting personal history. It was one of the two pictures rejected by the salon in 1876 opening up a war against Manet that had been closed for eight years. This was one of the pictures that he invited artists, collectors, critics and friends to come and see whether he had been justly treated or not. This exhibition of his became the event of the season. Each one was supposed to write his or her opinion in a book left for that purpose.

Moore wrote of *Le Linge*: "In *Le Linge* no challenge is sent forth to anyone. It is Manet, all Manet, and nothing but Manet. The bright-faced, simple-minded woman, who stands in a garden crowded with the tallest sunflowers, her blue cotton dress, with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, her hands plunged into a small washtub in which she is washing some small pieces of linen, expressed homely life in the French suburb. Her little child about four years old has strayed into the foreground of the picture, just in front of the washtub, and holds a great sunflower in his tiny hand. The bright, clear painting in which violet shadows were beginning to show, frightened the jury. The color effects of the bright blue blouse, the large green plants and the white linen on the line strained Manet's palette to the utmost." Time has

changed these colors, although time as a general thing has treated Manet's pictures kindly, especially the earlier ones.

There were two still-life subjects to round out Manet's list. One was of six oysters open on a plate with the halves of a cut lemon, a china pepper-pot and a fork. The other had an eel twisted into a semi-circle with a mullet behind, all resting on a white cloth. A French critic who wished to give the highest praise possible to these two pictures said they were part of Manet's heritage from Chardin that he, the inheritor, had known how to make to bear fruit. That sounds a little involved, but



DANSEUSES DERRIERE LE PORTANT (DANCERS BACK OF THE SCENES)
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)
By Edgar Degas



LE PIANO (THE PIANO) (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

the meaning is there if you want to bother to search for it. The eel was so firmly placed where it belonged on the table that the frivolous thought came to me that I was glad Manet painted the wiggly thing and not Cézanne.

The *Tête d'étude* has taken on more patine than most of the others. I do believe this study of a young woman with a blue ribbon in her hair and a white waist is Victorine! I am getting Victorine on the brain—well,

many another has had that trouble before me.

Un bar aux Folies-Bergère was the first of Manet's pictures to have the magic words of *Hors Concours* on its frame. The jury the year before (1881) had conferred this honor upon him. The salon of 1882 was the last salon Manet ever exhibited at, although he lived about three years longer and painted many pictures during that time. *La Parisienne* was one of them, but this *Bar aux Folies-Bergère* and the *Portrait of Pertuiset* were the last large works that he did. It is a picture of the bar at the Folies-Bergère. In the center, back of the bar, stands a blond barmaid with an animally, vacant-eyed, placid face that shows none of the supposable villainies of her soul. Those we must supply. She herself looks stupidly bored, nothing more. The flesh and velvets are all she offers us. The intimate

being is left for us to supply, and for my part she looks too stupid to bother with. I am much more interested in her reflection in the mirror behind her where she seems to be talking to a man who is



FEMME NUE COUCHÉE, PANNEAU (WOMAN RECLINING, PANEL)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)
—Collection Vollard, Paris



LA SEINE A ARGENTEUIL (THE RIVER SEINE AT ARGENTEUIL)

By Claude Monet

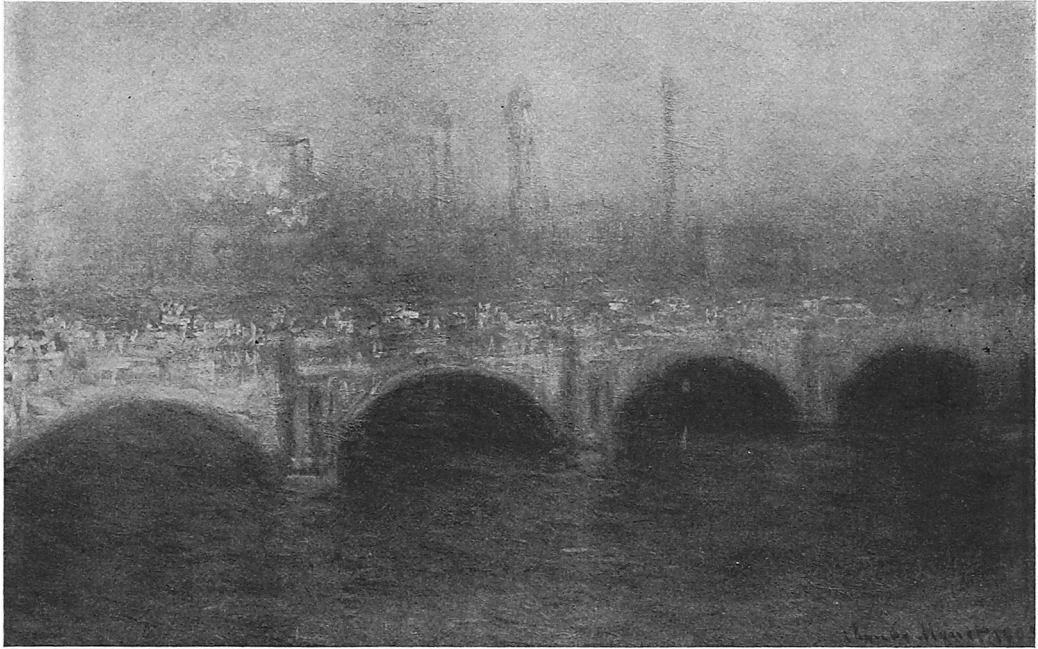
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

evidently standing where we are as we look at the picture, for he only shows in this reflection. After all, it is not the human interest in this picture, but the wonderful spots of color in the odds and ends on the bar, and the figures in the room reflected in the mirrors that gave Manet the opportunity to paint in full light the still-life that he so delighted in doing.

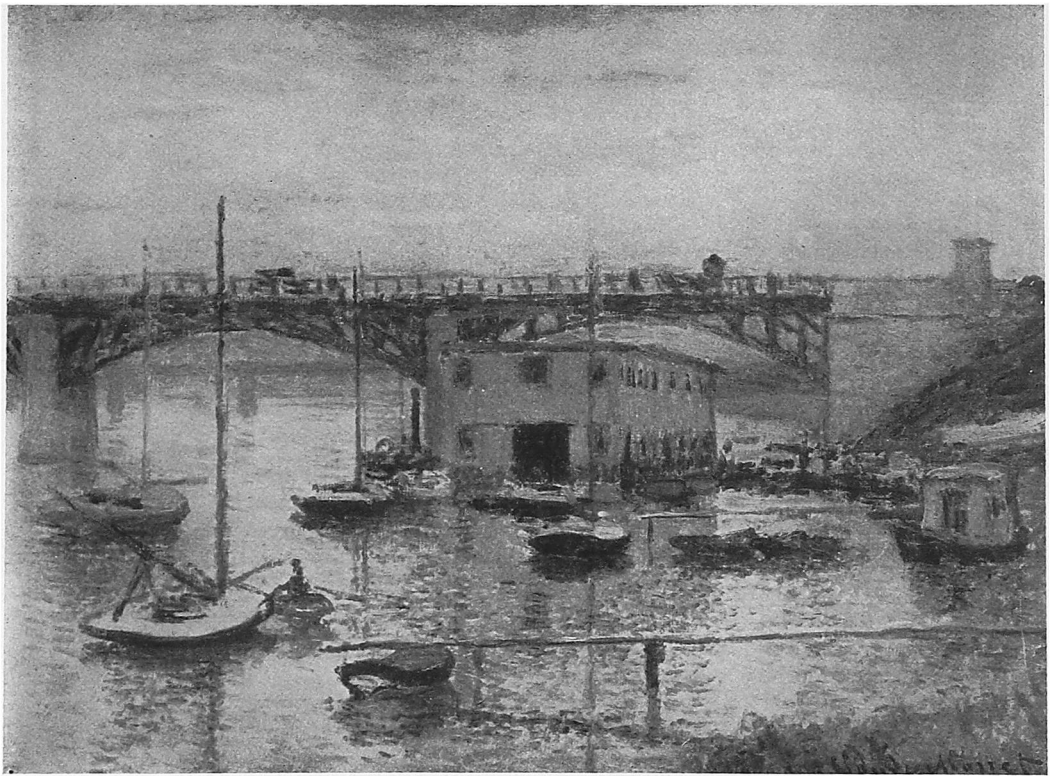
Whichever way you turn the eyes of Renoir and Manet's men, women and children glint at you, like two weird pin points of light. Renoir's women cast sly and knowing glances, while Manet's are candidly, effrontedly alluring, just naturally immoral. This light in the eye is almost a hallmark of Renoir's work.

It is almost a relief to get back to Cézanne's "harsh and glaring ugliness, to

his bright and discordant color, antagonistic to the accepted canons of beauty, yet opening avenues of vision and emotion palpitating with vivacity even if they lead only to precipices." That sounds fine; here is some more. "Massive and well-balanced. He feels the empty spaces. Instantaneous first impression of life. Cézanne's great quality is his equilibrium." (It seems to me his knife and apples have that quality rather than he.) The enthusiasm for Cézanne is like a disease or a new religion. It grows and grows until Cézannites see his influence in the whole world of painting and use him as a rule to measure all other work by. We will hear more of Cézanne in America during the next few years than we have as yet. The disease is spreading, but does not take with everyone. Some



LA TAMISE (WATERLOO BRIDGE, 1903) (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.) By Claude Monet



LE PONT D'ARGENTEUIL (THE BRIDGE AT ARGENTEUIL) (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.) By Claude Monet

people, critics among them, still see red when they think of his work and speak of the shameful nullity of his canvases, the hate and triviality with which he treats his nude. "His unformed nudities and savagely rustic portraits belong on the bargain counter of a drygoods shop," one man wrote last week. Another said, "Cézanne could never have been a leader; the less said of him and his painting the better. He was quietly buried and passing into oblivion; this rapid exhumation and exhibition of soulless remains reeks of the odors of commercial charlatantry. Let us leave the noisome thing to the resurrectionists and those hirelings who get what they can out of it; there is healthier work among the quick."

There seems but one thing to do about Cézanne's work, and that is to form one's own opinion, remembering that he worked out a means of expression which, though hinted at by many an artist before him, had never before been systematized. Many of his most appreciated elements were brought together in this exhibition; nine or ten landscapes that, to me, showed his understanding of construction, but also his fatality to leave it unaccomplished.

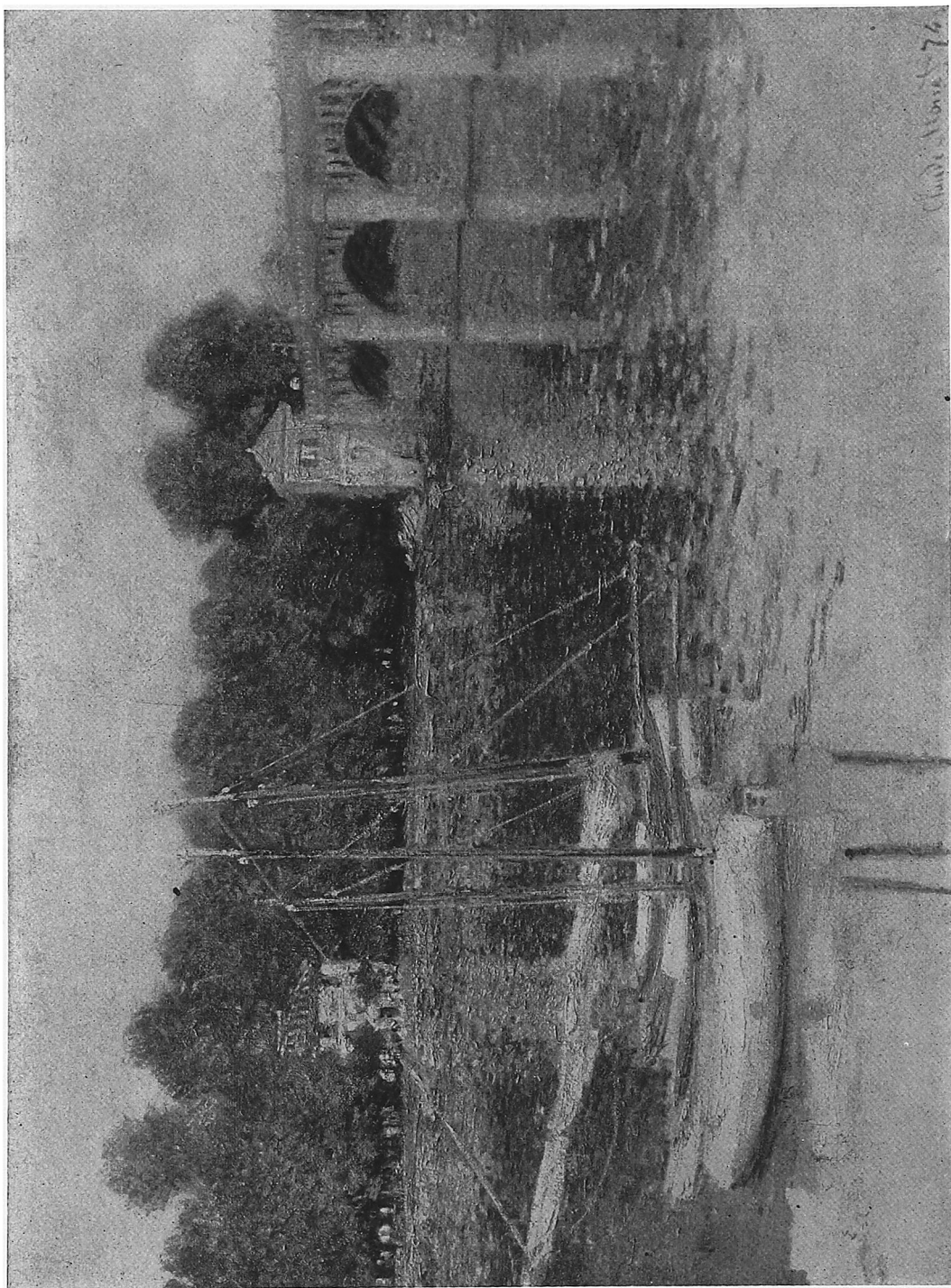
His three portraits were of three widely different types of people; the one of himself was a good piece of realism, where the handling undeniably helped the uncanny character of the head. His flowers and anything but the still-life we have spoken of. There were eight of them, dating from the time when Manet's influence dominated, to the hour when his own somber azures and sad purples made them easily recogniz-



DANSEUSE DANS SA LOGE (DANCER IN HER DRESSING ROOM)
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)
By Alfred Degas
—Collection G. Vian, Paris



DANS LA LOGE
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)
By Renoir



LE PONT D'ARGENTEUIL, 1874 (THE BRIDGE AT ARGENTEUIL, 1874)
By Claude Monet

(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

able as coming from his palette.

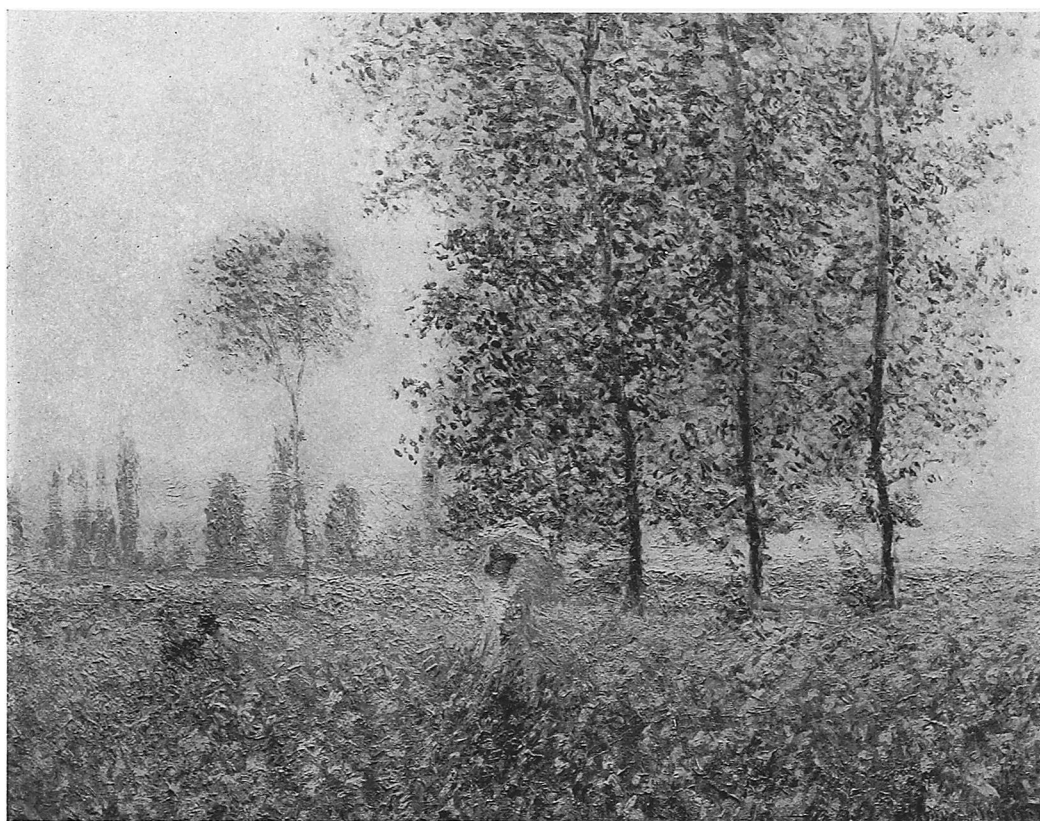
There was one of his celebrated Bathers. Many Americans have had the opportunity of seeing this same picture, I think, in the exhibition that the Associations of American Painters and Sculptors sent to Chicago this year. I hope my own particular friends did not get overexcited over the Cubists and Futurists in that exhibition, but picked the good from the chaff, and spent some time at least in looking at the few pictures by the Master Impressionists, remembering while they looked that they were looking at the real path-finders. Manet's *Bull Fight*, his *Still Life*, his two portraits, one of Mary Laurent, who played a part in the life of so many men of genius, were pictures that if approached in the right way, gave the key to much that followed in the work of the true Master Impressionists just as Cézanne's eleven canvases gave the key to many of the crazy things in the other rooms. But all this is another story and will be taken up in the next article in this series.

Turning our backs on Cézanne, we see for the first time a whole long wall filled with Claude Monet's. They seem strangely quiet and undisturbing after the Cézannes, Renoirs and Manets. It takes some time to adjust the eyes, to say nothing of the mental attitude, to the change. With the exception of an early picture of Claude Monet's called *Le déjeuner*, loaned by the Modern Museum of Frankfort, Germany, and one portrait, all the pictures on this



(PORTRAIT OF WOMAN. WITH FAN)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

wall were either land or seascapes. *Le déjeuner* represented his earliest work. It was painted in 1864, six years before broken color entered into his scheme of life or rather of paint. He had, not long before this *Déjeuner* was painted, seen an exhibition of Manet's pictures. Up to that time Claude Monet had painted more or less influenced by Courbet and Corot. He was taken immediately by Manet's bold, bright colors laid side by side without the usual accompaniment of conventional shadow, and appropriated this new technique, applying it to landscape as well as to figures. The group of figures around a table covered with dishes was painted at this time. It was very soon after that that he almost entirely abandoned figure paint-



PEUPLIERS. EFFET DE SOLEIL (POPLARS. EFFECT OF SUN)
By Claude Monet

ing. In the *Portrait of a Woman* the influence of Courbet can still be felt, but Claude Monet's finer and more sensitive eye shows itself in the harmony of the accessories which compose the decoration and complete the toilet of the woman. The creamy white shades, the odd piece of an old frame, a Japanese screen, the flowers on the carpet and divan cover, the red tie and the ribbon in her hair all speak of this. The light that later captured Claude Monet, body and soul, already commences to play a part in this interior, early work as it is.

A beautiful picture way at the end of the line, *Le pont d'Argenteuil*, caught my attention. This little picture represented one of his first victories, although in the year it was painted (1874) no one was admit-

ting that there were victories for Claude Monet or any of the other Impressionists.

I do not know of anything in modern painting which is more charming, more reposeful or more exquisite to the eye than these three *Argenteuils* (there were three of them)—*Argenteuil*, *Le pont d'Argenteuil* (1874) and *Le bassin d'Argenteuil*—limpid, silvered, blazing with verve. In these he not only shows what he owed to Corot, but added what he himself saw at Argenteuil that was new.

The next step in Claude Monet's career is shown in *La falaise à Fécamp* (1881), where he is drawing near to the Claude Monet that we know. This *Falaise* does not rank with his more brilliant things, but is remarkable for its suggestion of vast, domelike space, and, below it, of circling

waves, irresistibly drawn back, all frothing from the beach.

About 1890 he commenced his systematic painting of series. Most of us have seen at least one example of his first series, "The Haystack Series," as it is called, for several of our museums have them and they are often on exhibition at the dealers. In this series of about twenty, he used haystacks in a field standing out boldly against the horizon, with the shadows sharply silhouetted on the ground, as a scaffolding for his effect. He took this same scene and painted it under the different hours of the day from dawn to twilight, in different keys as an air in music might be transposed from one key to another. The atmosphere is decomposed as to its elements and recomposed to obtain

the general effect. There is a nearly perfect rendition of the light qualities of each hour, but no reserve power. All is told in the first glance.

After "The Haystack Series" came a series of the façade of Rouen Cathedral called "The Cathedral Series." Then followed "The Poplars." This last subject was suggested to him on one of his walks near his home at Giverny by a long and sinuous line of poplars, where in certain positions the trees were profiled one on the other. It struck him that here was a subject to try his hand at. The picture we illustrate is one of this series. We have none of the "Morning Series on the Seine." None was shown at this exhibition.

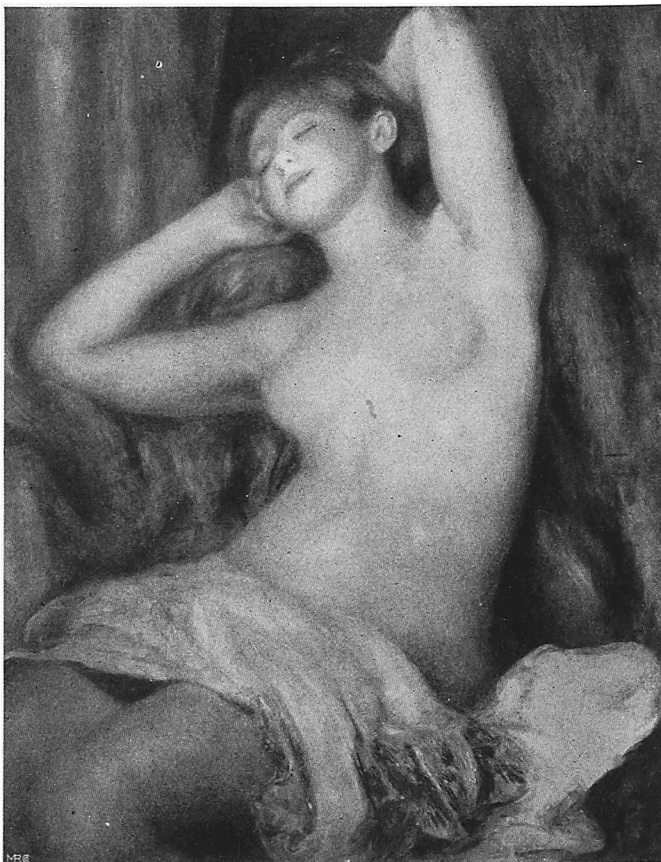
From 1901 to 1904 Claude Monet made several visits to London, where he painted



EFFET DE NEIGE, 1893 (EFFECT OF SNOW, 1893)
By Claude Monet

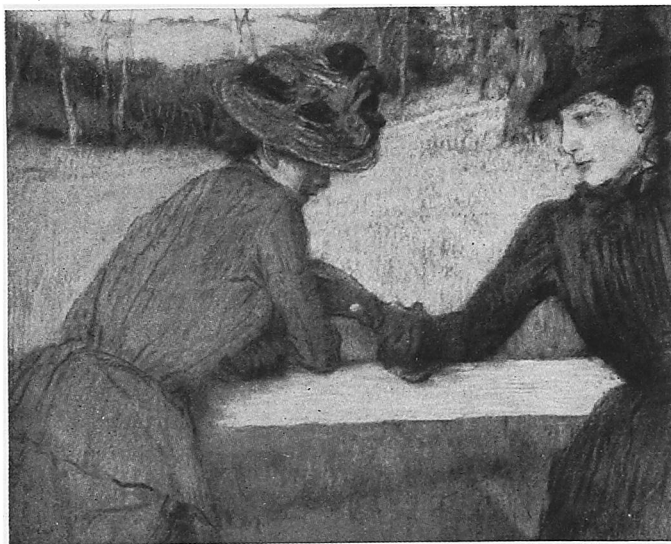
over a hundred pictures of the Thames. *Waterloo Bridge*, *Bridge at Charing Cross*, and the *Houses of Parliament* are the titles of the series. All these pictures are so misty that at first the beholder sees what seems to be a half-finished picture, but gradually as the eye penetrates the prismatic fog, objects begin to come out, one by one, just as they would emerge from the real fog. They seem more of a studio series than any of the other series up to this time. Undoubtedly the original studies were all from nature, but the final result appears to have been arrived at in his studio.

The *Nymphéas* or *Pond Lily Series* were painted from a pond in the grounds of Claude Monet's property at Giverny, where wonderful pond lilies and water plants are grown, surrounded by trees and crossed by a small



BATHER SLEEPING
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

—Collection Mlle. Dieterle, Paris
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)



DEUX FEMMES (TWO WOMEN)
By Alfred Degas (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

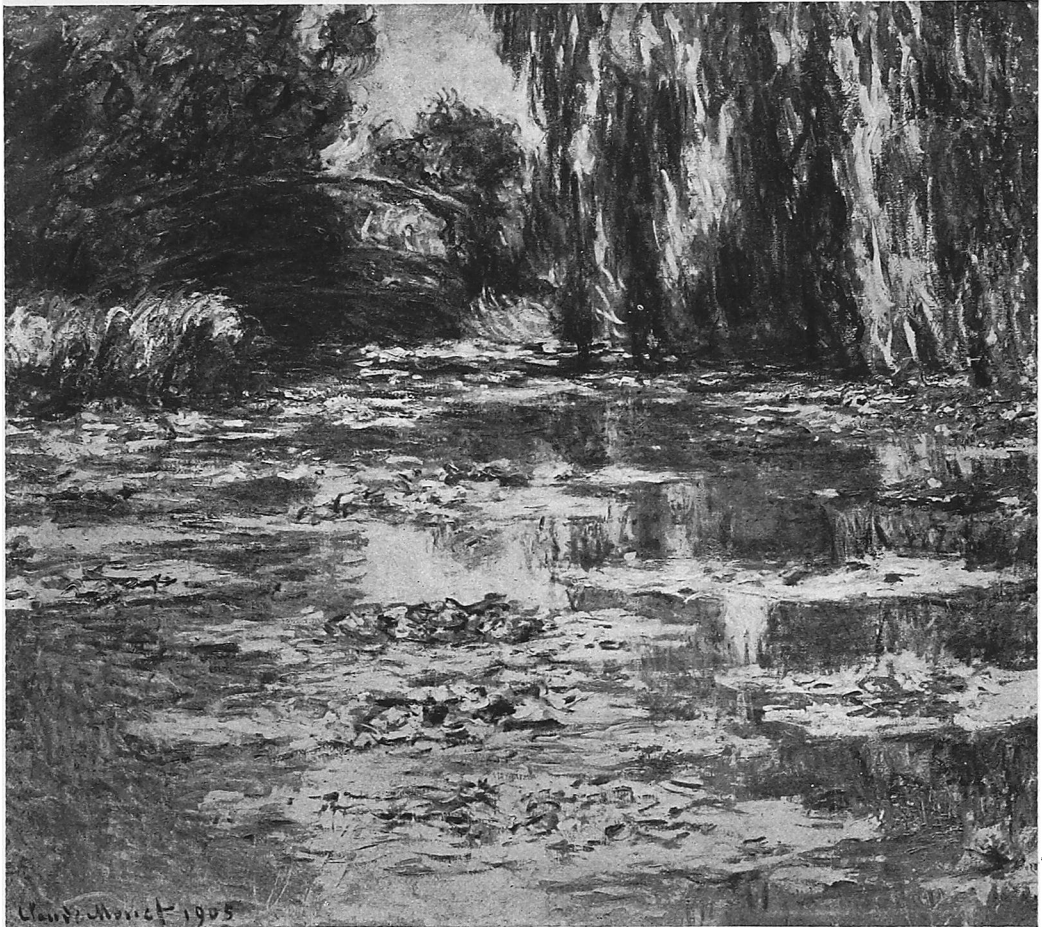
Japanese bridge. The *Vétheuil Series* was painted in front of the village on the opposite side of the Seine.

We may as well finish this series business and speak of his last, although it was not represented in this exhibition. *The Venetian Series* is the last I have seen. Several of them were shown in New York this year. In these he has gone even further than in *The Thames* and in the *Pond Lily Series*. He has "reached the last degree of abstraction and imagination allied with reality, of which the art of landscape is capable." Each

picture becomes a sort of experience where, for the satisfaction of the artist, are tried colored harmonies and fantasies. The architecture of the front of the palace has without doubt furnished the motive, but it plays a secondary role. Venetian Palaces are so filled with memories that they never have the appearance of the empty house. One feels the pulsations even in the hours of silence. Now Claude Monet's Venetian palaces are all empty to me, and so fail to give the feeling of the Venice I love. Had I the choice of any one of his canvases I think I would take my little first love, *Le pont d'Argenteuil*.

Close to the Claude Monet pictures was the "Good Sisley's" offering. There were only four, and all of very happy, very smiling moods of nature; no flowers, no still-life. I think they might have done better than that for "poor Sisley." But these four are gems in their way and perhaps give us as good a chance as many pictures would have done to see the lilac-colored tone that horrified Paris in the seventies.

Port-Marly and *Route de Versailles* were painted in 1875, *Promenade des Marronniers* in 1878, so these are pictures painted in the thick of the fight and probably among those to actually receive the insults the public gave to the Impression-

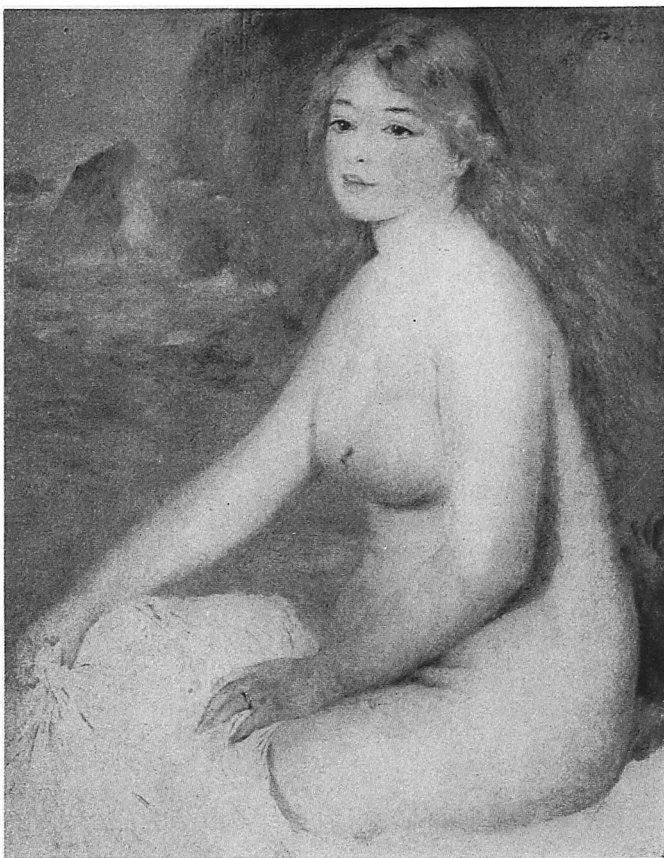


LES NYMPHEAS (THE WATER LILIES)
By Claude Monet

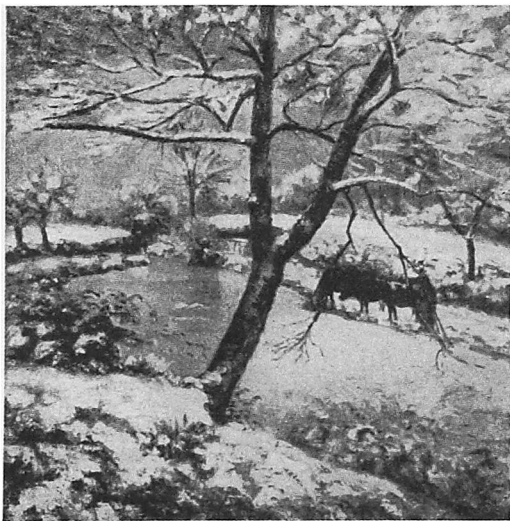
ists at their exhibitions and sales of that time.

Pissarro's pictures were spread over his life a bit. Two of them, *Pont-Neuf* and *Jardin des Tuileries*, were painted only six or seven years before his death. Claude Monet uses nature as a brilliant spectacle. The result he gets is more decorative than that of Sisley or Pissarro, who both had greater feeling of sympathy with nature than Claude Monet shows. Possibly Pissarro had this sympathy stronger than Sisley. Many feel that Pissarro has not reached the high place that belongs to him in the public mind and that he will have his hour. If this is true, time will rectify the error, as it has a way of doing, and his solid work will lose nothing meantime.

Degas' pictures were scattered all over the place, on the walls and on easels, sixteen of them; all of them



BAIGNEUSE (BATHER)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir



WINTER, VIEW IN BRITTANY By J.M.W. Turner
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

small, some even very small. In seeing so many of his things together in the midst of the Master Impressionists, one realizes that he is not one of them, that he in reality belongs to the time a little ahead of the Impressionists, to that of Manet and Whistler. He comes very near Ingres in the masterly sureness of his drawing, but more loose and pulsing. Degas really escapes definition and classification. His vigorous and free manner is nourished by tradition and still by comparison has nothing of tradition. He is a painter of impressions, but by comparison with the Impressionists, properly speaking, becomes the successor of the old masters. One needs to be in a plastic state of mind in the presence of his work and not search for equivalents

that do not exist. His color is not as brilliant as that of either Manet or Claude Monet, but he has a more refined neutral color than either of them, in fact, than any of the Impressionists. It is only his color that he owes in part to them, and the fact that he puts on canvas or paper his impressions of his model. He did not even always paint in open air.

Degas was fortunate in being represented by works of his different periods. Among the early ones were little portraits, an admirable head of a young woman and a curious picture of a man with a high hat. In two race-course scenes the subtle gradations are as nervous and alive as the thoroughbreds themselves.

Then came examples of the suppleness and strength of the workmanship of the



LITTLE GIRL IN THE BLUE ROOM
By Mary Cassatt

artist arrived at his maturity. Green-room scenes; a ballet girl with arm raised and a delicious picture with the windows in the background looking on Parisian roofs.

Some Russian dancers brought Degas'

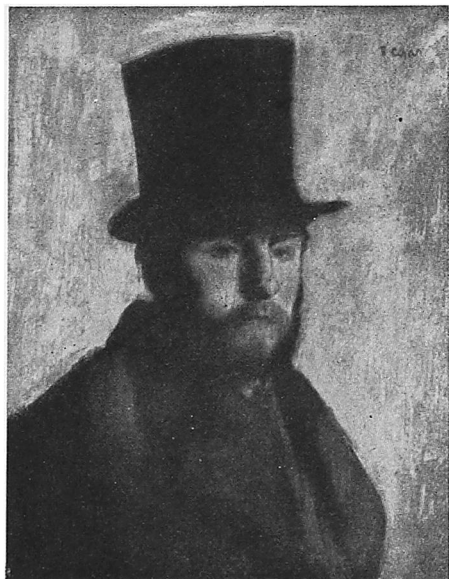


LE COURS-LA-REINE, ROUEN
By Camille Pissarro



LE PLAGE DE TROUVILLE
By Jean-Louis Forain

—Collection M. Beurdeley



L'HOMME AU CHAPEAU By Alfred Degas
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

work up to date. There was a marvellous portrait by him of Duranty, who was one of the first critics to espouse the cause of the Impressionists. It was a particularly happy touch to have M. Duranty seated in his library, shown among the pictures that he had been clairvoyant enough to discover virtue in. One could almost see "I told you so" written all over him.

In regard to number, it was *place aux dames*, for Berthe Morisot and Mary Cassatt each had more in number than any one man. Berthe Morisot's were more varied than Mary Cassatt's. There were several portraits of her little daughter; not as a baby, however, but as a child just passing from babyhood, and from babyhood to young girlhood. One even suggests young womanhood. This last was of two women in light costumes seated side by side, one all timid and fresh, the other of maturer charms.

There was a *Vénus va demander des armes à Vulcain* that was a copy. Yes, but a copy from



CHILD IN BLUE CHILD IN YELLOW CHILD AND DOG
By Mary Cassatt (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

Boucher with Berthe Morisot's own personality peeping out from every line. From this copy to *The Goose* was a long step in subject at least. This last was a realization of her dream of a "light world afloat in an irradiation; light trembling upon the shallows of artificial water, light turning the summer trees to blue." The whiteness of this goose appears and disappears in the trembling of the light.

Duret in writing of Berthe Morisot in 1878 said, "The colors on her canvas assume a remarkable delicacy, softness and velvet-like textures. The white holds reflected light which carries it to a subtle shade of tea-rose or ashen gray; the carmine passes insensibly into vermillion; the green of the foliage runs through the whole gamut of tones, from the palest to the most accentuated. The artist gives the finishing touch to her canvases by adding slight brush strokes here and there. It is as if she were shedding flowers."

About 1885 Berthe Morisot changed her palette and accentuated her colors. Moore says that she created a style, and has done so by investing her art with all her feminin-

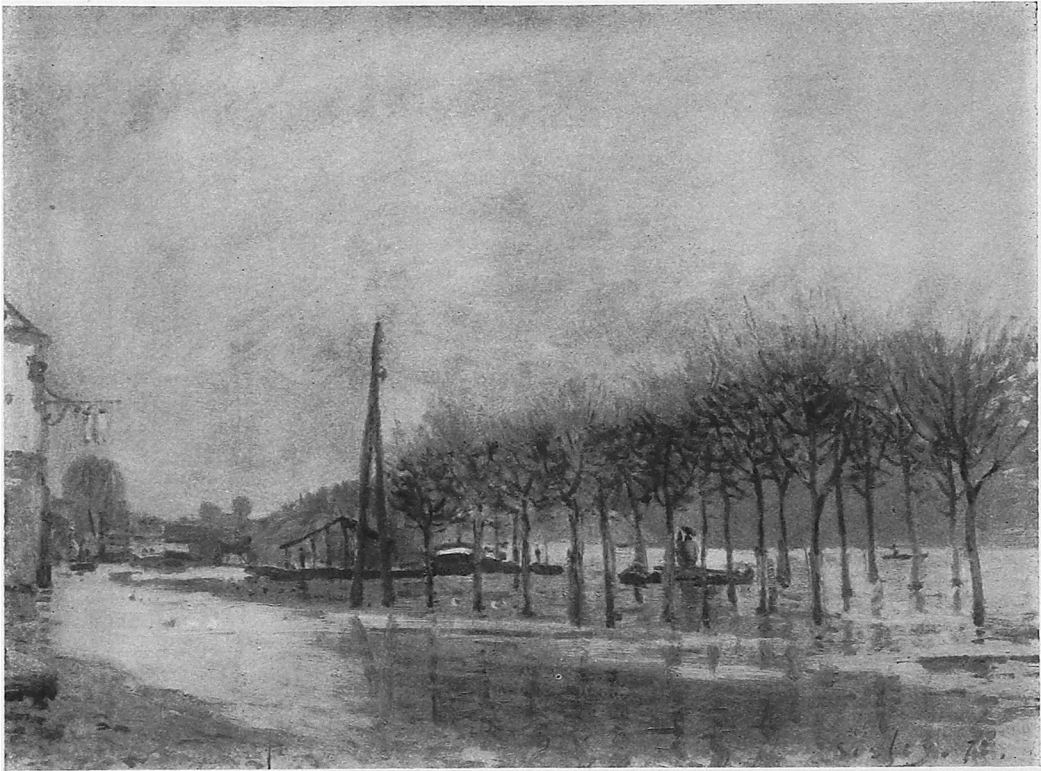
ity. Her art is no dull parody of man's; it is all womanhood, sweet and gracious, tender and wistful womanhood. There seems not much left to be said after such praise as this by two such different men.

Miss Cassatt's pictures were of children, but of children of a more tender age, a little tot having her bonnet put on by her mother just before going out to play; two others dressed in their best little white dresses and shade hats seated very demurely in big chairs waiting for Mother,



THE WIDOWER
By Jean-Louis Forain

—Collection M. E. Moreau-Nélaton



L'INONDATION, 1872 (THE INUNDATION IN 1872)
By Alfred Sisley

who is not yet quite ready. It is always Mother, never a nurse, who figures with Miss Cassatt's children, even when she is not on the canvas one feels she is coming soon. They are distinctly Mother babies, no suggestion of Father even. Indeed, Father would be out of place in many of these dainty pastels and oils.

Miss Cassatt seems to be one of the victims that the Art Chronical speaks of feelingly: "The English public will never encourage an artist or an author to work in more than one manner. If an artist desires fame as a painter of cats and dogs he must condemn himself to paint nothing but cats and dogs for the rest of his life. He must thoroughly ram it into the heads of a rather thick-skulled public that he can paint nothing but cats and dogs. And if he paints one cat with talent, he is expected to

deal in cats until he can no longer hold a brush. After many days the public will cheerfully concede him a monopoly of the subject. They will not look at his specialty as rendered by any other artist. This is called 'success.' In England, versatility is sternly discouraged. It worries the critics and distracts the public.

Perhaps Miss Cassatt is one doomed to paint babies. At any rate, she seems wedded to the line of her first success. It is said she is in the hands of a dealer, and if this is true, it might help to account for her sticking so closely to the same subject, the dealer naturally preferring a known and therefore saleable subject (according to the Art Chronical) to the risk of having something different. The ideal state would be for the true and sincere artist to be unrestricted, unlimited in any way. Miss



CONFIDENCES —Collection G. Viau, Paris
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)



LE CABARET DE REICHSHOFFEN (WAITRESS SERVING BEER)
By Édouard Manet
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)



PORTRAIT DE FEMME (PORTRAIT OF WOMAN)
By Edgar Degas



DANSEUSE LES POINTS
By Edgar Degas
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)



ADJOURNMENT OF COURT
By Jean-Louis Forain

Cassatt rarely exhibits in this country, but being a native of Pittsburgh, she makes an exception of that city.

Speaking of restricting one to one subject reminds me of a conversation I had with a very clever artist. He had been speaking of the versatility of a mutual friend and went on to say: "If the artist is to come into his own he must be free and unfettered, and develop his personality in his own way. He should seek expression in every possible medium. Art is one and universal, whether it is seen in drama, music, sculpture, painting, poetry or in architecture, when it is seen in its most sublime strength. The great artists of the world have not restricted themselves to one mode. Look at Raphael and Michel Angelo. Both were masters of more than

a single art. It should be the normal development of the artist."

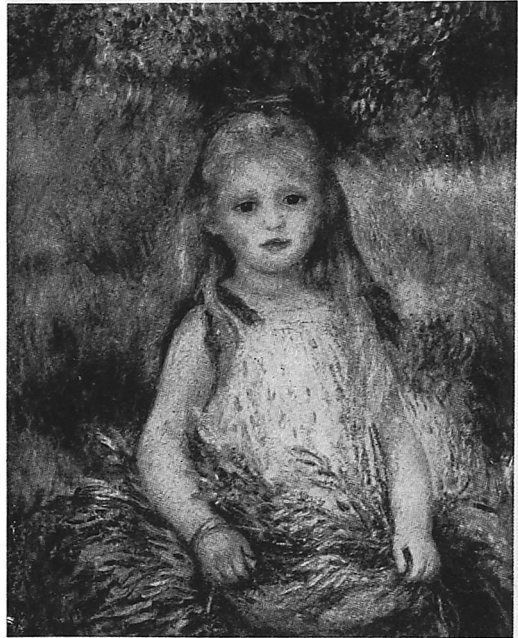
From Berthe Morisot and Miss Cassatt's adjoining corridorlike rooms, one took a few steps down and saw on the walls fourteen pictures by Raffaelli, and good ones. No one could call them story pictures, and still there was more interest in the actual subject than one usually finds among the Impressionist pictures. But then again Raffaelli was no more an Impressionist than was Degas, but when they insist on including him in so important an Impressionist Exhibition as this one, we are bound to use the Impressionists as the basis of every comparison. And so in regard to the telling of a story in a picture. His pictures come nearer the danger point than any other in the exhibition. It was not until

the end of the eighteenth century that the story picture put in an appearance, and then it took like the grippe. We all know them "Yes or No?," "Prodigal Sons," etc., etc., where the subject is of supreme interest. Take *The Doctor* by Luke Fields. It seems to me out of the myriads who have seen it no one has thought of the color or the modeling, but solely of the subject. Would the child recover or not? In this it is purely subject for subject's sake, and so has no enduring qualities.



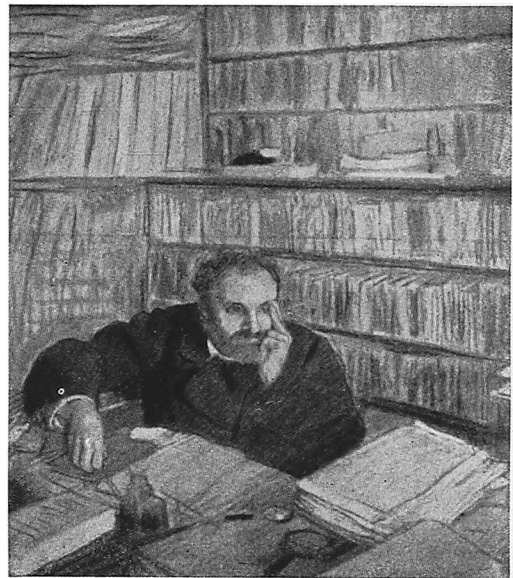
INGENUE (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir
—Collection Alphonse Kann, Paris

Passing on, we enter a little square room, filled with about sixteen sketches and paintings by Forain. At the present time Forain, the satirist, eclipses Forain, the artist. Like Degas he chooses his subjects from the green-room and its people, but from a different point of view. Both are ironic, but Degas stays apart from the life of the place. Forain enters into it. The oils he showed were of the kind that photograph well, due to the design probably. They were sad, nearly all of the misery, ugliness and of the low weaknesses of the



INFANT PORTANT DES FLEURS (CHILD CARRYING FLOWERS) . .
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

poor. For the rich he shows no sympathy. Everyone knows Forain's work in the Paris papers, where he synthesizes in a decisive line, a brief, concise design like a phrase.

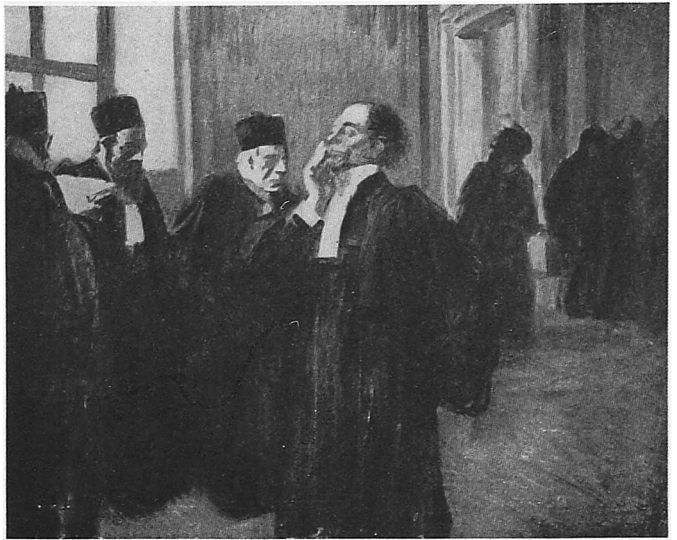


PORTRAIT DE DURANTY
By Edgar Degas
(Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)

They are brutal, ferocious, wholly French, but full of revolt and hate against the ridiculous idiosyncrasies of these crazy times. In a way he and his *confères* are the critics of the time, keeping their eyes open to the foibles of the world and calling attention to them.

I was not fortunate enough to get photographs of Toulouse-Lautrec's fourteen small sketches that had a room to themselves. Many of us know his colored poster for the Moulin-Rouge. There are those who prefer his pictures of the nocturnal world, his notes of public balls and music halls, to those by Degas. On all his work is engraved the mournful sadness of the cynic.

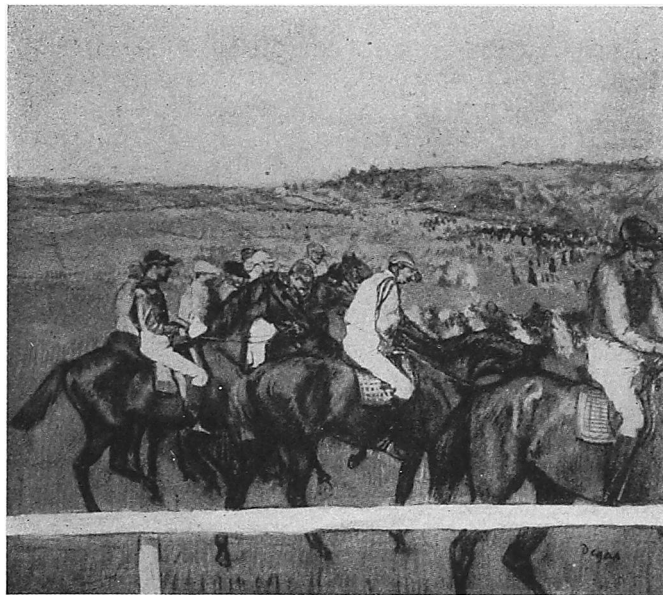
I was as tired as you are now after looking at these two hundred pictures, but in



THE LAWYERS
By Jean-Louis Forain

—Collection M. Hessele

looking back to the summer pleasures this exhibition marks one of the red-letter days. If I have been able to pass on one-tenth of the pleasure I experienced, I will be content.



AU CHAMP DE COURSES (ON THE RACE COURSE)
By Alfred Degas (Exposition d'Art Moderne, Paris, 1912.)